

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

THE position in which Mr. Lumley, director of Her Majesty's Theatre, stood, at the close of last season, must be fresh in the memory of our readers. With a few insignificant exceptions, his whole company had deserted him. He stood upon the brink of ruin, and only a miracle could save him from tumbling into the chasm. It appears, however, that his self-reliance did not abandon him, and that he resolved to face the impending storm manfully, and without flinching from the consequences. He employed the autumn and winter months in the construction of a new company, and during this period his exertions were unremitting and laborious. In a short time he had made engagements with several artistes of European repute. Some of these, whom he could not easily persuade to make terms with him, he almost literally pressed into his service. On his return from the continent, he came prepared with materials for a prospectus, that may be styled magnificent, without hyperbole. Meanwhile, Mr. Lumley's emissaries had made important engagements elsewhere, to swell the list he had prepared himself. Lastly, Balfe, his faithful and indefatigable musical director, had been devoting his whole time in England to the formation of an orchestra and chorus, combining the remnant of the old adherents with a host of new-comers, many of whom were obtained at home, while others were sent over from Paris, Brussels, and elsewhere, by M. Panofka, whom Mr. Lumley had engaged for the purpose. In the middle of January several copies of the long-expected prospectus for the season were issued, and the contents were greedily devoured. We commented upon it at length in our number for Saturday, Jan. 23rd, to which we refer such of our readers, as may desire to refresh their memory with the opinions we were disposed to advocate at that period.

The war of journalism which preceded the apparition of this prospectus was carried on with double fury from the instant its contents became known. What before was surmise had now become certainty—that is, as much certainty as may be derived from such an uncertain document as a managerial prospectus—but this certainty, while it redoubled the ardour of Mr. Lumley's friends, in no-way diminished the scepticism of his enemies. Of the feuds of the antagonistic newspapers, and the comments engendered therefrom in the pages of the *Times*, the *Herald*, the *Daily News*, and others that were partisans of neither side, we rendered full accounts, from time to time, accompanied by such observations of our own as we found it necessary and fair to make. (See the *Musical World* of Jan. 9th—16th—23rd—30th; Feb. 6th—13th—20th—27th—March 6th.) All these matters must be sufficiently familiar to the readers of this journal, and it is unnecessary to dilate upon them further at present.

The prospectus at length was issued, officially, in a printed form—it was first distributed in manuscript among the friends of the theatre, in the press, and elsewhere—and in order that what we are about to say may be the more clearly understood, we think it as well to republish it, at length, for the consideration of those who are inclined to peruse this article with attention.

The prospectus was introduced by the paragraph underneath:—

"Her Majesty's Theatre.

The following Outline of the Arrangements for the Season 1847, is respectfully submitted to the Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and to the Public. It is presented with the confident hope, that the successful exertions made to secure, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, a Company still more worthy of the first Theatre in Europe, and of its distinguished Patrons, will ensure the continuation of their support."

Then came the principal *dramatis personæ* of the operatic department:—

Soprani:—Mdlle. Jenny Lind—Mad. Carmen del Montenegro—Mdlle. Sanchioli—Mdlle. Fagiani—and Mdlle. Solari.
Contralti:—Mdlle. Daria Nascio—Mdlle. Vietti—and Mad. Castellani.*
Tenori:—Sig. Fraschini, the great tenor of Italy—Signor Gardoni, the favorite tenor—Signor Corelli—and Sig. Borella.
Barytoni:—Sig. Superchi—and Sig. F. Lablache.
Bassi:—Sig. Lablache—and Herr Staudigl, the celebrated basso cantante."

In addition to the above, we had Sig. Coletti, the *barytone*, with whom the prospectus truly stated "arrangements were pending;" and M. Bouché, a *basso profundo*, from the *Académie Royale* of Paris; besides Signori Guidi, Dai Fiori, and others of no note. This announcement of the *dramatis personæ*,—with the solitary exception of Mdlle. Vietti, a *contralto*, in whose favour great things were predicated by the *Morning Post*, but who, for some unknown reason, has never appeared,—turned out substantially correct, every item therein being fulfilled to the letter. The epithets, "great tenor of Italy," and "favorite tenor," however, respectively applied to Fraschini and Gardoni, may now be reasonably reversed. In future Gardoni, who has made a highly favourable impression upon the British public, may assume the title of "great tenor of Italy" (if any but Mario be sufficiently bold to lay claim to it), and Fraschini, who produced comparatively little effect, be content with the distinction of "favorite tenor," which he will have, nevertheless, to share with some twenty or thirty of his genus. The *dramatis personæ* thus veritably set forth, we come now to the great events which were to signalise the progress of the season. Let us take them in order:—

"That great composer, THE CHEVALIER MEYERBEER, has arranged to visit this country, to bring out the *CAMP DE SILESIE*. The principal parts in the *CAMP DE SILESIE*, by Mdlle. Jenny Lind and Sig. Fraschini."

* The classification of Mad. Castellani among the *contralti*, no doubt surprised other, as well as ourselves.

On referring to our file of the *Musical Worlds* (we do not like trusting to memory), we can find no record of the reception which was accorded to the *Camp de Silesie* by the British public; and the conclusion we draw therefrom is that the *Camp de Silesie* was not produced, and that the Chevalier Meyerbeer failed to carry out his arrangement—a manifest injustice to the proprietor of Her Majesty's Theatre, and one that will, henceforth, put managers on their guard. It can hardly be forgotten that the Chevalier Meyerbeer made a similar "arrangement" with the enterprising Mr. Bunn, for Drury Lane Theatre, and a similar violation of treaty was the result. Mr. Lumley might have anticipated this from the composer of the *Huguenots*, who, according to M. Léon Pillet, late director of the *Académie Royale* in Paris, is a very capricious individual, and by no means to be depended upon. It would, perhaps, have been wiser had Mr. Lumley merely stated in his prospectus that "he hoped the Chevalier Meyerbeer,"—or that "he wished very much the Chevalier Meyerbeer" would come and produce his *Camp de Silesie*. Such an announcement as this would have deceived nobody who has ever heard of "that great composer's" wayward and uncertain temper. This, then, was the first item of Mr. Lumley's prospectus which failed to be verified in the result. But another, and one of far greater interest and importance, followed close upon its heels:—

"The celebrated Dr. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY will likewise visit England, and produce an opera, expressly composed for Her Majesty's Theatre, the libretto, founded on *THE TEMPEST* of Shakespeare,—written by M. SCRIBE:—Miranda, Madlle. Jenny Lind.—Ferdinand, Sig. Gardoni,—Caliban, Herr Staudigl,—Prospero, Sig. Lablache."

Here, indeed, was something to talk about—here, indeed, was something to look forward to with pleasure. A reference to the articles in the *Musical World*, the numbers of which we have already specialised, will unfold how this announcement was received by the antagonistic journals of either side—how the *Post* shouted paeans of uncontrollable ecstasy—how the *Chronicle* retorted by a broadside of unbelieving tirades—how the *Times* and the "impartials" confined themselves to a plain statement of the fact, accompanied by a few words of gratulation to the manager, very natural under the circumstances. But, alas! on looking over our file of the *Musical World* (we do not like trusting to memory), we can find no record of the reception accorded to *The Tempest* by the British public, and we draw, therefrom, the conclusion that it never came out, and that the celebrated Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, although he arrived in England in the month of May, had forgotten to bring the score of his opera—supposing him to have written one—and, consequently, that it was impossible to produce it. A reference to the *Musical World* of March 27, however, discloses an article, in which Mr. Lumley's apology for not keeping faith in this essential particular, is urged, with great force of expression, and a multitude of specious arguments, founded upon certain idiosyncrasies in the character of the composer of *Elijah* which render it little short of an impossibility to be sure of a work from his pen, large or small, elaborate or simple, at any stated period. However, as we had the whole particulars of the affair from Mendelssohn's own mouth, we are enabled, in offering a true statement of the case, to palliate considerably the attacks that have been levelled at Mr. Lumley's sincerity, in consequence of the non-production of *The Tempest*. This we promise to do, as soon as leisure permits. Meanwhile, we request our readers to go to the *Musical World*, March 27, and peruse the article under the head of "Her Majesty's Theatre" (page 198), attentively, and without prejudice.

The next promise that follows in the prospectus has been carried out to the letter—unhappily for all concerned:—

"It is likewise announced, with great satisfaction, that Signor Verdi, having recovered from his severe illness, has expressly composed for this Theatre a new opera, of which the plot is founded on the *Robbers* of Schiller."

The fulfilment or the non-fulfilment of this promise was a matter of perfect indifference to every musical frequenter of Her Majesty's Theatre. But Mr. Lumley had his subscribers to propitiate; and these are for the most part aristocrats and fashionables; and aristocrats and fashionables are fond of Verdi's music (music!!) and therefore Mr. Lumley is entitled to the thanks of his subscribers for the spirit which induced him to lay out about £1200 (£1000 for Verdi, and £200 for mounting his *I Masnadieri*) to secure for them such an exquisite treat as three whole acts of new inspirations from the most popular (and the worst) composer of modern Italy. The utter failure of *I Masnadieri* we shall allude to further on; at present we are very glad to escape from the subject.

The next item in the prospectus involved another unkept promise; but this will be hereafter explained in such a manner as entirely to exonerate Mr. Lumley from the charge of want of faith towards his subscribers:—

"Rossini's opera of *Robert Bruce*, lately produced at the *Académie Royale*, has also been secured."

There was little difficulty in securing the *Robert Bruce*, since no copyright was attached to the music, and any theatre could have produced it with impunity. Nevertheless, it was not produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, its signal failure in Paris having doubtless induced the management to alter its intentions; and no one complained of this infringement of the prospectus. The next item comprehended the fact that "Castellan, Sanchioli, and Montenegro—Gardoni, Superchi, and Fraschini," would "appear before Easter," an announcement which was strictly carried out. We are then promised that—

"Madlle. Lind, whose engagement commences in March and extends until the end of the season, will appear immediately after Easter."

We say it without intending a reproach—but Madlle. Jenny Lind did not appear until Tuesday, May 4th, sometime after Easter. Nevertheless, considering the enormous success achieved by the "Swedish Nightingale," the subscribers—who, we believe, heard her no less than twenty times, (which judging from the high prices of boxes and stalls was according them the full value of their money)—had small cause to complain.

The announcement that Mr. Balfe would continue to exercise the functions of "Director of the Music, and Conductor," gave undivided satisfaction to every real friend of the establishment, and the result of his assumption of the baton has more than justified their confidence. The next paragraph was as follows:—

"In addition to the above, several operas, new to this country, will be produced, and the repertoire will be selected from the *chef d'œuvres* of Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Bellini, &c. The strictest attention has been paid to all the details, so that an ensemble may be presented perfect in all its parts. A numerous orchestra, of the most distinguished talent and power, has been selected from some of the best orchestras of Europe, combined with former meritorious artists of the establishment. The chorus has been chosen with the greatest care from Italy, Germany, and England, and will comprise upwards of eighty performers."

With the exception that no operas of Cimarosa, Rossini, or Mercadante were performed, these items of the prospectus may pass current as having been nearly justified by the result.

We now come to the *dramatis personæ* of the ballet, which was announced as below :—

Arrangements for the ballet. Mdle. Carlotta Grisi, Mdle. Lucile Grahn, and Mdle. Cerito. In addition to which, an engagement has been made with Mdle. Caroline Rosati (of *La Scala*, at Milan, and other great theatres of Italy); who will make her first appearance on the first night of the season in a new ballet, expressly composed and arranged for her by M. Paul Taglioni. MDLLE. WAUTHIER, Mad. Petit Stephao, Mdle. Honore, Mdle. Elise Montfort, Mesdles. Thevenot, Julien, L'Amoureux, Emile, Fanny Pascals, and Bertin, and Mdle. Caroline Baucourt. In consequence of the enthusiastic manner in which this eminent artiste was received last season, hopes are entertained that Mdle. Taglioni may be induced to appear for a limited number of performances. M. St. Leon, M. d'Or, M. Gosselin, M. Di Mattia, Sig. Venafra, M. Gouriet, M. Paul Taglioni, and M. Perrot. Composer of the ballet music, Sig. Pugnî. Principal artist Mr. Marshall. *Maîtres de ballet*, M. Paul Taglioni, M. CASATI, of *La Scala*, and M. Perrot. *Sous Maître de ballet*, M. Gosselin. *Regisseur de la Danse*, M. Petit.

This magnificent announcement has been verified almost to the letter. Mdle. Wauthier, famed for her beauty, no less than for her talents, did not appear. She was married, almost immediately previous to her arrival, to Sig. Casati, of Milan, who was also one of the disappointments. Subsequent to her marriage, Mdle. Wauthier was taken seriously ill, and long before her recovery her husband, Signor Casati, transferred his services to the Royal Italian Opera, and, as a matter of course, transplanted his *cara sposa* from Her Majesty's Theatre to the rival house, much to the disappointment of the omnibus *clique* at the former establishment, who had counted on a new sensation from the beauty and accomplishments of Mdle. Wauthier, which had not been in the least overrated. In the ballet, no less than in the opera department, we regret to say, that many fine promises, displayed in the prospectus, with all the accessories of type and paragraphic divisions, must be recorded as broken. With the exception of one paragraph relating to the *Pas de Quatre* and *Pas des Déeses*, and another touching the duration of the subscription, the whole of the following items have turned out what the *Morning Chronicle* terms "moonshine :"—

"An Original Grand Ballet will be produced, written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, by the celebrated Poet HENRI HEINE, on a subject selected from the Old Legends of Germany: and a Novel and Poetical Ballet, for the subject of which the Establishment is indebted to the kindness of a noble and distinguished Poetess, entitled EGERIA. The celebrated *Pas de Quatre* and *Pas des Déeses* will be revived; and an entirely new *Divertissement*, introducing another *Grand Pas*, by M. Perrot, which, uniting all the attractions of the *Pas des Déeses* and *Pas de Quatre*, will present a novel feature of striking originality, and will combine the talent of all—to be entitled *LA CONSTELLATION*. The Subscription will consist of the same number of nights as last season."

All that remains is comprised in the following paragraph, and was literally substantiated by fact :—

"The theatre will open in the middle of February, when will be produced, for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, Donizetti's admired Opera of *La Favorita*, in which Sig. Gardoni and Sig. Superchi will make their first appearance in this country; and an entirely new ballet, by M. Paul Taglioni, in which Mdle. Caroline Rosati will appear."

We have thus analysed the prospectus issued by Mr. Lumley, at the commencement of the season, paragraph by paragraph, and we trust that the few comments we have added are neither unfair nor beside the subject. We must now turn to the events that have characterised the progress of the season.

The theatre opened for the season on Tuesday, February 16th, with Donizetti's *La Favorita*, and a new ballet by Paul Taglioni, called *Coralia*. The events of this night were highly interesting. It was the first occasion of performing an Italian version of Donizetti's clever opera; the first appearance of Gardoni, a new tenor—of Bouché, a new bass—of Superchi, a new barytone—and of Mdle. Nascio, a new

seconda donna; the first night of a new grand ballet, by a new ballet-master, in which, for the first time, Carolina Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and Paul Taglioni, three dancers new to this country, made their *debut* before our public; and, lastly, the first night of a new orchestra and a new chorus—in short, of an entire new company. The result turned out well for the management. Gardoni, the tenor, made a decided hit; Superchi and Bouché, the barytone and bass, were both pronounced useful and excellent artistes; Madame Sanchioli, who played Leonora, was declared to be much improved; Mdle. Nascio, the *seconda donna*, could not well be condemned; since she could not well be heard; the band was roughly criticised, but was allowed to possess the element of *number*; and some individual excellencies among the component parts; the chorus was eulogised as admirable; the ballet was considered picturesque but somewhat tedious; the new dancer, Rosati, from whom so much had been expected, achieved only half a success, while the other debutante, Marie Taglioni, from whom nothing had been expected, created a *furor*—her memorable *Pas de Rosière*, and her quaintly pretty face and form winning all hearts; Paul Taglioni was allowed to be a clever and fanciful *maitre de ballet*, but a very indifferent dancer; Marshall's scenery was greatly admired, especially the last *tableau*, which, considering the prescribed limits of the opera-stage, was astonishing; Pugnî's music was tolerably well liked; and, to wind up, the general impression of the audience at the termination of the performances—which happened close upon two o'clock in the morning—was that Mr. Lumley had extricated himself from the threatening position in which he stood before with wonderful address; an unanimous verdict, indeed, apostrophised this evening as the most brilliant "first night" ever remembered in the annals of the establishment.

The next event of interest was the *debut* of Coletti, in Verdi's *Nino*. This occurred on Saturday, Feb. 27th. Verdi's music was as dull as ever, but Coletti was highly successful. Coletti had originally appeared in England, some years previous, as *remplacant* of Tamburini; but owing to the opposition of that popular artiste's friends and admirers, he could make no stand, and did not return the season following. He was this time, however, fairly judged, and while the monotony of his style was criticised, the fine quality and volume of his voice received enthusiastic homage. In the cast of *Nino* was comprised Mdle. Fagiani, who took Corbari's part of Fenena; but having a poor thin voice and no style, she made not the slightest impression. Sanchioli's Abigail was praised, and Bouché's Orotaspe ditto. Corelli and Dai Fiori were also included in the cast, but we can find no record of the effect they produced.

Tuesday, March 9th, was signalled by the return of Madame Castellan, and the *debut* of Fraschini. The opera was *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Madame Castellan will always be a favorite. She is very accomplished, and in her appearance and deportment there is something so gentle, something so truly and charmingly feminine, that it is not possible to see and hear her with indifference. But, as a balance to all this, it must be admitted that she has neither the power nor the energy which constitute the "moments" of greatness, nor is there any promise of her ever acquiring them. Madame Castellan evinced no particular improvement, nor any falling off; she was the same graceful and loveable person, sang as brilliantly, and acted as quietly as usual, and the audience welcomed her, as she deserved to be welcomed—with the utmost warmth of favour. A cry had been raised about Fraschini, as though he were to bring the millennium in his breeches-pocket. Rossini had

called him "the tenor of the curse"—the *Post* said he sang "through his eyes, nose, and ears"—and other great authorities had proclaimed many other things equally teratological and singular. The audience were all eyes when he made his appearance, all ears when he opened his mouth to sing. The result, however, did not answer expectation. Fraschini was found to be a singer of the true French school—a shouter, and nothing better. He had some good points; his "curse" was very loud, and he did not lack energy. Gardoni, however, remained firmly established upon the throne of public opinion; Fraschini, whose advent had made him tremble, failing to move him one inch. The other important part in the *Lucia*, Enrico, was sustained by Coletti; but this singer made no progress in public opinion through its means; people began to talk about Ronconi, and this induced comparisons by no means favorable to the barytone of Her Majesty's Theatre. Signori Solari, Dai Fiori, and Guidi, also figured in the cast, in small parts, with no great credit to the management. Above all, it was much complained of by the subscribers that F. Lablache had not been entrusted, instead of Solari, with Bide-the-Bent, a part of considerable importance in the concerted music. The band and chorus, which had gained so much credit in *La Favorita* and *Ernani*, were warmly criticised in the *Lucia*, the rehearsals for which had been inadequate, and the execution of which, in consequence, was slovenly. In the same week, the first "long Thursday" took place (March 11th), when the *Lucia*, and a selection from *La Favorita* were given, with a variety of ballet entertainments, including the entire strength of the company, vocal and choregraphic.

March 18, the second "long Thursday," introduced Gardoni in a new part, and that which he has since sustained with the greatest credit to himself throughout the whole season—Elvino in *La Sonnambula*. The voice and style of "the favourite tenor" were both eminently fitted to give expression to the graceful and tender melodies of Bellini's pretty pastoral, and the success he achieved confirmed Gardoni, beyond dispute, in the highest favour of the public. Castellan's Amina had long been acknowledged one of her most agreeable performances, and pleased on this occasion as much as ever. F. Lablache sustained his old part of Rodolpho with his accustomed efficiency; and the band and chorus, thanks to Balfe's skill and unflagging energy, redeemed the laurels they had forfeited by their careless execution of the *Lucia*. This same Thursday was also remarkable for the production of a new ballet, by Paul Taglioni, (author of *Coralia*), entitled, *Thea*, which obtained the most entire success. Rosati here introduced a step in one of the grand *pas*, which obtained a triple encore—persisted in ever after, by her devotees, even when the public had become somewhat blasé to its influence. Marie Taglioni, who had continued to produce a complete *furor* in *Coralia*, fell somewhat short of anticipation in the new ballet, and although she was much applauded in a pretty *pas*, as the flower-fairy, she had to resign the coronal of supremacy to Rosati, from whose temples, she had succeeded in transplanting it. The costumes and scenery of the ballet of *Thea* were original and picturesque. The *coryphées*, in their coloured trappings, looked for all the world like an animated flower-garden. In sum, though very short and very simple, we cannot remember a prettier or a pleasanter ballet than *Thea*.

Meanwhile, the paper-war was furiously raging, and angrily was it discussed on both sides whether Jenny Lind would come at all, and whether Mendelssohn's *Tempest* would or would not be produced. Let us here observe, that one half of

the excitement since created by Jenny Lind may be fairly attributed to this incessant wrangling on her account. By its means her name was continually on the *tapis*, and the public anxiety to hear her became ten-fold. Most certain is it that had her advent been treated by the upholders of the rival establishment as a matter of pure indifference, Jenny Lind, though her great talents could hardly fail to be appreciated, would never have produced the unexampled *furor*, that (owing to this obstinate irritation of public curiosity) has attended all her performances since her arrival—whether they have happened to be admirable, or whether indifferently good, or whether (as was once or twice the case) they have scarcely soared above mediocrity. It may also be mentioned here that Mr. Lumley, disturbed at the hesitation evinced by Mdlle. Lind, the uncertainty of whose coming was perseveringly dunned in his ears, set out for Vienna, to bring her over, with Staudigl, *vi et armis*—leaving the entire management of the executive department of Her Majesty's Theatre to his trustworthy, zealous, and persevering *chef d'orchestre*, Mr. Balfe, under whose management the affairs of the establishment progressed as regularly and steadily in the manager's absence, as though he had been present, directing his affairs in *propria persona*, and *viva voce*.

The next remarkable performance, on Saturday, April 3rd, was honored by the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The opera was *Ernani*, with Made. Castellan, Fraschini, Superchi, and Bouché, in the principal parts. The part of Don Carlos was, we are given to understand, written expressly for Superchi, and the impression he produced in it was highly favorable, though assuredly not brilliant. Fraschini, in *Ernani*, remained in *statu quo*, neither advancing nor receding in public estimation. Bouché, in Don Silva, made considerable progress, although there was a total absence of dignity in his acting. The heavy, tiresome, and ill written music of *Ernani* was rendered as tolerable as possible by the general effectiveness of the performance, the band and chorus coming in for a considerable share of the applause accorded.

The week next following, Her Majesty's Theatre closed for the Easter recess, and its doors were not re-opened until after the Royal Italian Opera had made its *coup d'essai*. Up to this epoch no one could deny that Mr. Lumley had supported the difficulties of his position manfully, and had fully upheld the credit of Her Majesty's Theatre. There never had been, in the remembrance of the oldest frequenter of the Opera, a more successful commencement of the season, and never before had so many artistes of eminence, in the musical and choregraphic department, appeared in advance of Easter term. We find, on reference to our file, a leading article in the *Musical World* (April 10), setting forth in detail all that Mr. Lumley had effected up to this moment, with comments, laudatory or deprecatory, as occasion demanded.

The weeks of Passion and Easter expired, during which Balfe and his forces had not been idle, the theatre re-opened with another opera of Verdi, the great modern musical pest. This was *I due Foscari*, produced on Saturday, April 10th, in which Made. del Carmen Montenegro appeared as Elvira, and was well received, though her pretensions did not go beyond a pleasing *mezzo-soprano* voice, without much power; a delivery wanting in energy, but sensible and sometimes dramatic; and a graceful deportment on the stage. This was the only part in which Made. Montenegro appeared during the season. Coletti, in the Doge, produced an immense sensation; his last scene was pronounced a *chef d'œuvre* and lauded to the skies. Ronconi's subsequent performance of

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday the subscription closed with *Semiramide*, one of the most brilliant performances of the season. Every box, stall, nook, and crevice in pit, amphitheatres, and gallery, were occupied, and the house presented a splendid *coup d'œil* of rank, fashion, and beauty. The overture was encored rapturously. Tamburini's *entrée* was hailed with loud and continued cheering, and great applause followed the barytone's first recitative, which was very finely given. Grisi next raised the audience to a state of enthusiasm, the reception accorded to her enduring for upwards of two minutes. Alboni, also, when she appeared was greeted with equal demonstrations of applause. Indeed the audience were determined to show the immense favour in which the three great artistes stood with them, and allowed no opportunity to pass during the evening to visit them with manifestations of their delight. It is unnecessary to particularise the performance of the opera. It was magnificent in every respect. Band, chorus, and singers, all exerted themselves to leave a lasting impression of their capabilities; and, certainly, the exertion has not been made in vain, if judgment and hearing were not wanting to the visitors of the Royal Italian Opera on that night. We forget how often the principal singers were called for; nor do we remember how many bouquets were thrown; but we recollect to mind Costa coming forward and Tamburini presenting him with a bouquet, whereat the entire house roared tumultuously, and everybody was called for again, Tamburini indulging the audience with sundry *impromptu* freaks—and so the curtain fell on the real operatic season of the Royal Italian Opera for 1847—its FIRST YEAR. The National Anthem was then sung by the entire company. On Tuesday the theatre was opened at lesser prices, to give the money-loving public an opportunity of seeing the house, taking notes of the curtains and the lustre, looking at Costa, and listening to the music, and comparing Grisi with Alboni, and both with Jenny Lind. The opera was *La Donna del Lago*, and the *ballet divertissement* included selections and *pas* from the favourite *Nayade*, in which Plunkett appeared, and *Rosiera*, wherein Fuoco was seen. The house was crammed to suffocation, and every particular *morceau* in the opera received an encore. Grisi was called for four times in addition to the general recalls, and Alboni had to appear twice by herself. Mario also was separately summoned, and Costa had again to make his appearance. And yet another night was Covent Garden opened—Wednesday. The application for places on Tuesday were so numerous that it was found impossible to make room for all, so that another last night—positively the last—was inevitable. *Le Nozze di Figaro* was given, with the last act of *Maria di Rohan* and the *ballet of Rosiera*. The performance of the opera was as great as ever, and the usual encores were obtained. Grisi, Alboni, and Tamburini, were all in fine voice and sang most delightfully. Marini, was also excellent, and Rovere no less so. The great effect of the evening was decidedly produced by Sig. Ronconi in the last act of *Maria di Rohan*, his wonderful acting exciting the audience to an absolute *furor*. It was as great and electric a performance as ever was witnessed on any stage. Madame Ronconi deserves most favourable mention for the energy and artistic skill she displayed in the heroine. And then the charming Sophie Fuoco danced to us her last this year; and then—really, too really—the curtain did fall, and with it vanished all, save the memory of our many nights of delight and enchantment, and our fond anticipations for the season ensuing.

DRURY LANE AND ITS PROSPECTS.

WE have seen a long article in the *France Musicale* from which we glean the principal statements respecting Drury Lane we are about to lay before our readers. It is something strange that we, next door neighbours, as we may call ourselves, to the theatre, should have to cross the channel to collect our news regarding the intended doings of the New Academy of Music. Monsieur Jullien may have good motives for tendering M. Escudier his first informations; but we cannot help feeling that the news would have come with a better grace from Monsieur Jullien had it first appeared in a London journal. Monsieur Jullien's being at Paris at this moment may have caused the earliest announcement in the French papers.

In the article in the *France Musicale*, we are instructed that the new theatre will open in the month of November. It is stated that as soon as the project was made known in London, the Queen and Prince Albert placed their names at the head of the subscribers, and that at this moment, nearly all the private boxes and stalls are taken.

"There exists," says the *France Musicale*, "but one truly elegant decorator in Europe, M. Cambon, and it is to him M. Jullien has entrusted the renovation of Drury Lane. The furniture and decorations of the theatre will be manufactured at Paris under the eyes of Monsieur Cambon, and under the immediate superintendence of M. Duponchel, who has manifested a true artistic sympathy for the new theatrical enterprise. The interior of Drury Lane will be painted and embellished in the same style as our Royal Academy of Music. Monsieur Cambon will also have to undertake the decorations of all the operas and ballets to be produced at Drury Lane; and M. Duponchel will furnish the costumes, and provide all the accessories of the *mise en scène*."

But the most startling statement of the *France Musicale* is the announcement of Monsieur Hector Berlioz as the conductor of the Drury Lane band. We are informed that Mons. Hector Berlioz was on the point of accepting an engagement, as conductor, at the Academy, when Monsieur Jullien proffered him, with magnificent terms, the post of *chef d'orchestre* of the London Academy, which was instantly accepted. M. Berlioz politely declining the offer of Messieurs Roqueplan and Duponchel. As we have previously stated, the orchestra will be composed of the best instrumentalists of Covent Garden, Her Majesty's Theatre, and of those who have left France to follow the fortunes of Monsieur Jullien in England. The chorus, comprised of one hundred singers, will be principally selected from the two Italian Operas. "With such a chorus, such a band, and such a conductor," says the journal we are quoting, "the most astonishing results may be anticipated."

The *repertoire* will furnish some of the greatest works of the great masters. The *Iphigenia* of Gluck, expressly demanded by Prince Albert, will be given, as also the *Clemenza di Tito* of Mozart. The *Sonnambula*, for Pauline Garcia, the *Huguenots*, and *Don Juan*, for Pischek, expressly, will be given early. *Zampa*, arranged as a grand opera, will follow; also for Pischek, the hero being one of his greatest parts. Among other productions, we are promised by the *France Musicale* Verdi's new opera, now being written for the *Académie Royale* (!!!); an opera in three acts by Halevy, the subject taken from one of Shakspeare's plays, expressly composed for Drury Lane (!!); two new works of Balfe and Benedict, and the *Faust* of Spohr. But how comes it, Mons. *La France Musicale*, that you have made no mention of Macfarren's new

called him "the tenor of the curse"—the *Post* said he sang "through his eyes, nose, and ears"—and other great authorities had proclaimed many other things equally teratological and singular. The audience were all eyes when he made his appearance, all ears when he opened his mouth to sing. The result, however, did not answer expectation. Fraschini was found to be a singer of the true French school—a shouter, and nothing better. He had some good points; his "curse" was very loud, and he did not lack energy. Gardoni, however, remained firmly established upon the throne of public opinion; Fraschini, whose advent had made him tremble, failing to move him one inch. The other important part in the *Lucia*, Enrico, was sustained by Coletti; but this singer made no progress in public opinion through its means; people began to talk about Ronconi, and this induced comparisons by no means favorable to the barytone of Her Majesty's Theatre. Signori Solari, Dai Fiori, and Guidi, also figured in the cast, in small parts, with no great credit to the management. Above all, it was much complained of by the subscribers that F. Lablache had not been entrusted, instead of Solari, with Bide-the-Bent, a part of considerable importance in the concerted music. The band and chorus, which had gained so much credit in *La Favorita* and *Ernani*, were warmly criticised in the *Lucia*, the rehearsals for which had been inadequate, and the execution of which, in consequence, was slovenly. In the same week, the first "long Thursday" took place (March 11th), when the *Lucia*, and a selection from *La Favorita* were given, with a variety of ballet entertainments, including the entire strength of the company, vocal and choregraphic.

March 18, the second "long Thursday," introduced Gardoni in a new part, and that which he has since sustained with the greatest credit to himself throughout the whole season—Elvino in *La Sonnambula*. The voice and style of "the favourite tenor" were both eminently fitted to give expression to the graceful and tender melodies of Bellini's pretty pastoral, and the success he achieved confirmed Gardoni, beyond dispute, in the highest favour of the public. Castellan's Amina had long been acknowledged one of her most agreeable performances, and pleased on this occasion as much as ever. F. Lablache sustained his old part of Rodolpho with his accustomed efficiency; and the band and chorus, thanks to Balfe's skill and unflagging energy, redeemed the laurels they had forfeited by their careless execution of the *Lucia*. This same Thursday was also remarkable for the production of a new ballet, by Paul Taglioni, (author of *Coralie*), entitled, *Thea*, which obtained the most entire success. Rosati here introduced a step in one of the grand *pas*, which obtained a triple encore—persisted in ever after, by her devotees, even when the public had become somewhat blasé to its influence. Marie Taglioni, who had continued to produce a complete *furor* in *Coralie*, fell somewhat short of anticipation in the new ballet, and although she was much applauded in a pretty *pas*, as the flower-fairy, she had to resign the coronal of supremacy to Rosati, from whose temples, she had succeeded in transplanting it. The costumes and scenery of the ballet of *Thea* were original and picturesque. The *coryphées*, in their coloured trappings, looked for all the world like an animated flower-garden. In sum, though very short and very simple, we cannot remember a prettier or a pleasanter ballet than *Thea*.

Meanwhile, the paper-war was furiously raging, and angrily was it discussed on both sides whether Jenny Lind would come at all, and whether Mendelssohn's *Tempest* would or would not be produced. Let us here observe, that one half of

the excitement since created by Jenny Lind may be fairly attributed to this incessant wrangling on her account. By its means her name was continually on the *tapis*, and the public anxiety to hear her became ten-fold. Most certain is it that had her advent been treated by the upholders of the rival establishment as a matter of pure indifference, Jenny Lind, though her great talents could hardly fail to be appreciated, would never have produced the unexampled *furor*, that (owing to this obstinate irritation of public curiosity) has attended all her performances since her arrival—whether they have happened to be admirable, or whether indifferently good, or whether (as was once or twice the case) they have scarcely soared above mediocrity. It may also be mentioned here that Mr. Lumley, disturbed at the hesitation evinced by Mdle. Lind, the uncertainty of whose coming was perseveringly dunned in his ears, set out for Vienna, to bring her over, with Staudigl, *vi et armis*—leaving the entire management of the executive department of Her Majesty's Theatre to his trustworthy, zealous, and persevering *chef d'orchestre*, Mr. Balfe, under whose management the affairs of the establishment progressed as regularly and steadily in the manager's absence, as though he had been present, directing his affairs in *propria persona*, and *viva voce*.

The next remarkable performance, on Saturday, April 3rd, was honored by the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The opera was *Ernani*, with Made. Castellan, Fraschini, Superchi, and Bouché, in the principal parts. The part of Don Carlos was, we are given to understand, written expressly for Superchi, and the impression he produced in it was highly favorable, though assuredly not brilliant. Fraschini, in *Ernani*, remained in *statu quo*, neither advancing nor receding in public estimation. Bouché, in Don Silva, made considerable progress, although there was a total absence of dignity in his acting. The heavy, tiresome, and ill written music of *Ernani* was rendered as tolerable as possible by the general effectiveness of the performance, the band and chorus coming in for a considerable share of the applause accorded.

The week next following, Her Majesty's Theatre closed for the Easter recess, and its doors were not re-opened until after the Royal Italian Opera had made its *coup d'essai*. Up to this epoch no one could deny that Mr. Lumley had supported the difficulties of his position manfully, and had fully upheld the credit of Her Majesty's Theatre. There never had been, in the remembrance of the oldest frequenter of the Opera, a more successful commencement of the season, and never before had so many artistes of eminence, in the musical and choregraphic department, appeared in advance of Easter term. We find, on reference to our file, a leading article in the *Musical World* (April 10), setting forth in detail all that Mr. Lumley had effected up to this moment, with comments, laudatory or deprecatory, as occasion demanded.

The weeks of Passion and Easter expired, during which Balfe and his forces had not been idle, the theatre re-opened with another opera of Verdi, the great modern musical pest. This was *I due Foscari*, produced on Saturday, April 10th, in which Made. del Carmen Montenegro appeared as Elvira, and was well received, though her pretensions did not go beyond a pleasing *mezzo-soprano* voice, without much power; a delivery wanting in energy, but sensible and sometimes dramatic; and a graceful deportment on the stage. This was the only part in which Made. Montenegro appeared during the season. Coletti, in the *Doge*, produced an immense sensation; his last scene was pronounced a *chef d'œuvre* and lauded to the skies. Ronconi's subsequent performance of

this part, at the other house, however, went far to undeceive the public about the unapproachable perfection of Coletti, in this, his greatest part. With a voice of less power and sweetness, and a person less commanding, Ronconi produced thrice the effect. But then Ronconi is an actor of uncommon genius, a distinction which the warmest admirers of Coletti will certainly not claim for him. The Jacopo of Fraschini and the Loredano of Bouché were of average excellence. The band and chorus, under Balfe, had made rapid advances, and were much and deservedly praised. On the following Thursday, *I Puritani* was produced, Castellan, Gardoni, Coletti, and Lablache sustaining the principal characters. With the allowance of Lablache's reception, which was tremendous, there was nothing remarkable in this evening's performance, and the opera created but little effect. The entertainments were varied by a *divertissement* called *Deutschen Rhein*, one of the features of which was a new version of the *Cracovienne*, called *La Posnanian*, composed expressly for little Marie Taglioni, by her father, M. Paul Taglioni. On this same evening, one of those "long Thursdays" for which Mr. Lumley is highly celebrated, a new ballet called *Orithia* was produced, for the debut of Lucile Grahn, whose reception was far more warm than that which was accorded to the ballet. Lucile Grahn danced as well as of yore, and her talents alone, assisted by a beautiful scene of Marshall's, and some beautiful costumes, saved *Orithia* (the third achievement of M. Paul Taglioni) from the condemnation it would otherwise assuredly have met.

Perrot made his *rentrée* on Tuesday, April 20th, in a *pas de deux*, composed by himself, for himself and Rosati. He was received with the favour to which his great merits, as the first of ballet-masters and the prince of male dancers, entitled him. Meanwhile, Mr. Lumley had returned, and had brought with him JENNY LIND—ocular evidence of which was given by the presence of the "Swedish Nightingale" in a box, to which all the opera-glasses, like one opera-glass, were repeatedly directed. On Thursday the *Elisir d'Amore* was given for the first time. Gardoni reaped fresh laurels in Nemorino, Castellan was graceful and winning in Adina, Lablache incomparable as ever in Dulcamara. The chorus and orchestra, under Balfe, were better and better, and gave promise of an excellence, which, for some reason or other, has not been justified by the result. On the same evening the lovely Cerito made her *rentrée*, and in her famous *pas de quatre* from *Le Lac des Fées*, assisted by her husband, St. Léon, and Mdles. Casan and Honoré, was received with acclamations of applause. Altogether this "long Thursday" was one of the most varied and interesting of the entire season. Nothing of note occurred during the following week. But, Staudigl had arrived, to appear in *Robert*, with Jenny Lind,—an event, which was looked forward to with unprecedented eagerness; and Mendelssohn had also come, to conduct his *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, and to blow away, with a breath, such expectations as still remained of the production of his new opera, *The Tempest*.—not one note of which had he written, and not one note of which had he any intention to write.

Up to this moment, despite his enterprise and exertions, despite the crowded appearance of the houses, despite the bouquets, re-calls, "ovations," and triumphs, Mr. Lumley was a loser, to the amount of some thousands of pounds sterling. This was to be regretted, since, by what he had done, he surely merited the continuation of that patronage which the aristocratic and fashionable world had so long afforded him. But, alas! we have not always our deserts, either for good or for evil, and the

ingratitude of the public, so often unworthily demonstrated, was now signally demonstrated to Mr. Lumley's disadvantage. Mr. Lumley had manfully striven against cruel circumstances—circumstances it is true of his own causing, but the consequences of which he had accepted in a spirited and energetic manner. And yet, with all his pains, he stood, on Tuesday the 4th of May, much in the same position as at the end of the season, 1846—on the brink of ruin, with no chance of salvation but by the interposition of a miracle. The miracle was interposed. Mr. Lumley was saved. He leaped across the chasm instead of falling into it, and no sooner had he touched the other side than the abyss was closed up and the manager found himself on sure ground, without even a spring-gun or a man-trap to impede his progress. This miracle was the unprecedented triumph achieved by MDLLE. JENNY LIND on Tuesday the 4th of May, when she made her first appearance before an English public.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Gothe, IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Rötcher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 540).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

In setting forth the character of the Captain we already remarked, that we found in him the most decided contrast to Edward. The fundamental feature of Edward is to us a deficiency in an internal firmness, and in that which is only to be gained by a labor with oneself and the world.—moral earnestness and energy. Whoever has been from the first so softly cradled by fate, whoever, moreover, has not been compelled to turn into himself, and thus to become master of himself, will only live safely until he is placed in great collisions. A conflict manifesting itself will therefore find him inwardly unprepared; he will fall before his subjective inclination and become the victim of his invincible strength. This is the case with Edward. The poet has not omitted to record to us the source of this mutable individuality. Edward was not accustomed to deny himself anything. "From his youth upwards, the only spoiled child of rich parents, who contrived to persuade him into a singular, but highly advantageous marriage with a much older lady, fondled by her in every way, since she sought to reward his good conduct towards her by the greatest liberality—after her early death his own master, independent on his travels, capable of any change and alteration—desiring nothing exaggerated, but wishing much, and that of all sorts, frank, beneficent, gallant, nay, valiant, in case of need, what in the world could resist his wishes?" Edward's nature and its necessary result are here excellently delineated. Endowed, with a happy natural temperament and winning qualities, neither fate nor his own labor in diving into himself, had gained for him that moral firmness which is able, when required, to collect itself for a victorious opposition. Through this deficiency, a certain softness was diffused over his entire being, which rendered him very sensitive to all impressions, and, at the same time, gave a peculiar charm to his personality. Thus we may also understand the expression of the poet, when he says of Edward, "Edward, with increasing years, had always retained something childish." For this is manifestly shewn in the swiftly varying impressions to which Edward, with utter carelessness, harmlessly resigns himself, and the effects of which he cheerfully allows to rule in him. As long as something overpowerful does not intrude upon him, this elasticity, accompanied by grace, exercises the beneficial effect of a kindly existence.

The want of fundamental activity, and the terror at diving into the hardness of labor, and at self-confinement shows itself also—

quite harmoniously with what has been said—in Edward's occupation with art. Naturally susceptible of its effects, easily excitable by all that touches the feelings, art summoned him to participation and engagement.

But in this, being without a peculiar, higher calling, he believed, through a comparison of his susceptibility of feeling with the power of real productiveness, he believed, we say, quite in the manner of a *dilettante*, that he recognized in the effects which he experienced in his vivacious nature, a call to practical activity. But here, although he had at times given himself much trouble, his want of patience and perseverance had rendered impossible, the cultivation of a talent, which really existed to some degree. Edward, with his contempt for technical labor, his defective command over the material, is to us the genuine representative of the *dilettante*, only striving after enjoyment, who with all his natural talent, remains now and always in a state of "halfness," and is therefore never able to prepare a real enjoyment. Inequality of execution, and a want of clearness as to himself, with respect to the value of what he produces, and the resulting self-delusion as to the enjoyment, which is to accrue to others through the exercise of this dilettantism, all is combined in Edward in the most perfect manner,* and forms a characteristic trait of his essential being. The instability which is diffused over his whole nature, that labor and activity which is never by him rigidly distinguished from pleasure and enjoyment, never allowed him to keep the different regions properly apart. Hence his earnestness, while he remained in a certain degree unconscious of the fact, always undermined by dissipation and preparatory labor, was always thrust on one side by an impulse to immediate enjoyment. Even in this particular we recognized the Captain also as his opposite pole.

Such a nature, which even in the region of morality, does not belie the character of dilettantism, will necessarily receive its death-blow from a stroke dealt by the force of feeling. Not being accustomed to self-confinement and struggle, how can this individuality do otherwise, than succumb to an enemy, which more than any other requires the whole mastery of the character, the highest collection of moral earnestness to make resistance—powers which do not lie sporting at the feet of man, but are the acquisition of an important internal process. The fate of Edward may be foretold from the traits already given,—it is only the unveiling of what is already prefigured in the gem.

Hitherto Edward experienced in himself neither the strength of feeling nor that of the moral idea; the former, because desiring nothing excessive, he could satisfy every inclination, the latter, because he had as yet been placed in no such collision. The first confluence of both must drive the novice in self-denial completely out of himself, and the natural equilibrium, in which he has hitherto been. In this conflict the feeling, just because it has to defend itself against the better consciousness, and, as it were, to struggle for its existence, will so much the more decisively assume the character of the natural power, and of a passion which casts the whole man into indissoluble chains, and this enrages the neglected discipline of moral earnestness and self-control.

Nothing, in which Edward had hitherto found satisfaction, had ever seized upon the whole man in all his depths, for even his relation to Charlotte was much more founded upon a hearty good will, than upon passion properly so called. For by the very fact that Edward, quietly yielding to the will of his parents, could prevail upon himself to enter into another connection, and after a considerable time,—when rendered free by the death of his first wife,—to marry Charlotte, he shews to us that he is involved in

* We have reminded our readers of the manner in which his flute-playing is described. "Edward executed his part very unequally, some passages well, only, perhaps too fast, while in others he halted, because he was not fluent in them." What a characteristic contrast is presented to us, by the playing of Charlotte and the Captain, "Both executed with feeling, ease and freedom, one of the most difficult pieces of music, so that it afforded satisfaction both to themselves, and to the couple who were listening." The playing of these two at once announces itself as a product of careful activity and constant toil, and very plainly reflects their nature.

How little satisfaction there is in Edward's exercise of art, on account of the total want of certainty, is told us in an expression of the Captain's which deeply wounded Ottilia: "If Edward would only spare us with his fluting!—Nothing can come of it, and it is so weary for the listeners." From this, we well learn the degree of self-deception, in which Edward, quite in the manner of a *dilettante*, was involved.—Dr. Rötscher's note.

self deceit, since he has confounded a hearty friendship with a true love, which encompasses the whole being. The power of the whole full feeling had therefore hitherto remained closed to him. The impression which it must make upon such a soft elastic nature will be decisive for the whole life. With such an individuality, after what we have explained, we can foresee the whole course of such a powerful operation. The want of an equilibrium of moral strength will consign him with giant strides to the natural force of feeling, the consciousness of his position, which rises up for the moment, is at once swallowed up again by the presence of the beloved being. The contest of this moral consciousness with passion is therefore soon converted into the painful feeling of being confined by an external limit. But the field of the battle has at the same time been altered. It is no more the pure unadulterated consciousness of the moral power of marriage, which steps forward in opposition to the glorious feeling, but only a gloomy complaint at his condition and situation, which seems to him an oppressive bond, involuntarily gives itself vent, and when attached by a warning word, snatches, for its own justification, at the weapon of a palliating sophistry, behind which the natural force of passion intrenches itself. Since reason in vain lifts her voice, since the man, who has never been subjected to the discipline of moral earnestness, alienates himself from the truth more and more at every step, and darkens himself internally, nothing is left him, when he is called upon to defend himself, but the comfortless sophistry of a purely abstract *raisonnement*. This turning round we can properly regard as the importance of the moral mind, which has entirely lost itself in passion. But where can this movement only and alone lead? The passion, which is entirely absorbed by its object, in which, so to speak, every iota of circumspection has vanished, in which every emotion of life, resting upon itself, and determining itself from itself, is extinguished, consumes the subject, the very moment that the object, from which alone it (the subject) has drawn sentiment for its existence, is completely removed. Hence appears that sort of evanescence so oscillating between free and involuntary action, which neither affords the satisfaction of a decided revolution, and with it the sight of a formal energy, nor offers the more satisfactory spectacle of a suffering which yields to nature. Even in his very fall, appears once more the impotence of all independent resolution and internal firmness, which at this fatal moment forces itself involuntarily upon the individual himself, and in the inconsolable consciousness of a want of internal independence, decrees him the most shattering punishment and expiation.*

(To be continued.)

* * To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XLVIII.

I lov'd thee wildly:—when from thy mild eyes
Beam'd the sweet glance for which I would implore,
And to my heart a madd'ning pleasure bore,
It added fierceness to my agonies.
Oh, none can tell the tortures that would rise,—
Swelling and swelling—from my soul's deep core;
And yet the pain I courted more and more —
'Twas like life's race, with hell the only prize,
That with'ring madness is dispell'd at last
And though thy looks still reach my heart, they wake
A kindly feeling, which can safely dwell
Within that home,

Yet is the tempest past?

Or would it forth from its concealment break,
If thy lov'd glance upon another fell?—N. D.

* How little Edward's weakness and want of firmness remained concealed from Göthe, is now shewn to us by a passage in the conversation with Eckermann where, with reference to Solger, he says:—"I cannot be angry with Solger, that he will not endure Edward; I myself cannot endure him, but I was forced to make him so, to produce the fact. He has moreover much truth, for in the highest classes, we find people enough, with whom, as with him, obstinacy takes the place of character.—Dr. Rötscher's note.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday the subscription closed with *Semiramide*, one of the most brilliant performances of the season. Every box, stall, nook, and crevice in pit, amphitheatres, and gallery, were occupied, and the house presented a splendid *coup d'œil* of rank, fashion, and beauty. The overture was encored rapturously. Tamburini's *entrée* was hailed with loud and continued cheering, and great applause followed the barytone's first recitative, which was very finely given. Grisi next raised the audience to a state of enthusiasm, the reception accorded to her enduring for upwards of two minutes. Alboni, also, when she appeared was greeted with equal demonstrations of applause. Indeed the audience were determined to show the immense favour in which the three great artistes stood with them, and allowed no opportunity to pass during the evening to visit them with manifestations of their delight. It is unnecessary to particularise the performance of the opera. It was magnificent in every respect. Band, chorus, and singers, all exerted themselves to leave a lasting impression of their capabilities; and, certainly, the exertion has not been made in vain, if judgment and hearing were not wanting to the visitors of the Royal Italian Opera on that night. We forget how often the principal singers were called for; nor do we remember how many bouquets were thrown; but we recal to mind Costa coming forward and Tamburini presenting him with a bouquet, whereat the entire house roared tumultuously, and everybody was called for again, Tamburini indulging the audience with sundry *impromptu* freaks—and so the curtain fell on the real operatic season of the Royal Italian Opera for 1847—its FIRST YEAR. The National Anthem was then sung by the entire company. On Tuesday the theatre was opened at lesser prices, to give the money-loving public an opportunity of seeing the house, taking notes of the curtains and the lustre, looking at Costa, and listening to the music, and comparing Grisi with Alboni, and both with Jenny Lind. The opera was *La Donna del Lago*, and the *ballet divertissement* included selections and *pas* from the favourite *Nayade*, in which Plunkett appeared, and *Rosiera*, wherein Fuoco was seen. The house was crammed to suffocation, and every particular *morceau* in the opera received an encore. Grisi was called for four times in addition to the general recalls, and Alboni had to appear twice by herself. Mario also was separately summoned, and Costa had again to make his appearance. And yet another night was Covent Garden opened—Wednesday. The application for places on Tuesday were so numerous that it was found impossible to make room for all, so that another last night—positively the last—was inevitable. *Le Nozze di Figaro* was given, with the last act of *Maria di Rohan* and the *ballet of Rosiera*. The performance of the opera was as great as ever, and the usual encores were obtained. Grisi, Alboni, and Tamburini, were all in fine voice and sang most delightfully. Marini, was also excellent, and Rovere no less so. The great effect of the evening was decidedly produced by Sig. Ronconi in the last act of *Maria di Rohan*, his wonderful acting exciting the audience to an absolute *furor*. It was as great and electric a performance as ever was witnessed on any stage. Madame Ronconi deserves most favourable mention for the energy and artistic skill she displayed in the heroine. And then the charming Sophie Fuoco danced to us her last this year; and then—really, too really—the curtain did fall, and with it vanished all, save the memory of our many nights of delight and enchantment, and our fond anticipations for the season ensuing.

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The *repertoire* will furnish some of the greatest works of the great masters. The *Iphigenia* of Glück, expressly demanded by Prince Albert, will be given, as also the *Clemenza di Tito* of Mozart. The *Sonnambula*, for Pauline Garcia, the *Huguenots*, and *Don Juan*, for Pischek, expressly, will be given early. *Zampa*, arranged as a grand opera, will follow; also for Pischek, the hero being one of his greatest parts. Among other productions, we are promised by the *France Musicale* Verdi's new opera, now being written for the *Académie Royale* (!!!); an opera in three acts by Halevy, the subject taken from one of Shakspeare's plays, expressly composed for Drury Lane (!!); two new works of Balfe and Benedict, and the *Faust* of Spohr. But how comes it, Mons. *La France Musicale*, that you have made no mention of Macfarren's new

opera, which we have stated on authority will be one of the very earliest productions of the season?

"Music," argues the *France Musicale*, "is, without doubt, the first element of the success of a lyric work! but the poetry has its importance, and, for this purpose, Mons. Jullien has engaged the twin poet-librettists, MM. Royer and Vaez, to write six poems, three of which will be put into music by Halevy, Benedict, and Hector Berlioz (!). In addition to the three-act opera, which Mons. Jullien has engaged Mons. Berlioz to write, he has secured his services to direct four concerts, composed of works of the new *chef d'orchestre*. Among the vocalists engaged, in addition to those we have already announced, we find the name of Duprez, and "a *cantatrice*, whom we cannot yet name," says the journal, "but who is, *without contradiction*, the best in Italy." We presume the fair singer alluded to is Miss Hayes; but why all this mystery?

The *France Musicale*, no doubt, has derived its information from head quarters. That Mons. Jullien is determined to bring out operas on a scale of grandeur and completeness hitherto unattempted at Drury Lane, we believe, and we go to the fullest extent with the writer in the French paper in its complimentary expressions to the manager, and equally with him are inclined to believe, that no individual is better adapted than Mons. Jullien to carry out this great undertaking, which demands the keenest judgment, the most untiring energy, and indomitable courage. We have no doubt of the result in Mons. Jullien's hands.

MADLE. RACHEL AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE French troupe from the St. James's Theatre, London, commenced a brief engagement at the Theatre Royal, on Monday, the 16th. The performances opened with a *petite* drama, entitled *Valerie, ou l'Aveugle*, in which Mademoiselle Rabut, and the MM. Felix, Raphael, and Duméry played. But all hearts were turned from the stage, and the most intense excitement prevailed to see Rachel, who was to appear afterwards in the *Horaces* as Camille, one of her most splendid parts. The curtain at length fell on the first piece, and amid a buzz of expectation, it rose again on *Les Horaces*. Then might you have heard a half-smothered sigh, or a pin drop, for though Rachel had not yet appeared, her expected coming cast its influence before her. And when she appeared, every eye felt palpably the presence of genius. Everybody now-a-days receives cheers and applauses, and the cheers and applauses Rachel received are but things of course, and scarce worth the critic's mention. Rachel's *Camille* is incomparably the most complete and profound effort of dramatic art we ever witnessed. No eloquence, nor no truth can do it justice. To criticise her performance were as vain as to transfigure the colors of the rainbow. We may, doubtless, speak of the impression produced on the auditory, half of whom did not understand one word the artiste spoke. We may afford some indication of the powers of this mighty tragedian, by telling of marbled looks, suspended breaths, and tears shed in abundance; but the tone of voice, in every modulation displaying the very soul's echo; the glance, now full of love and hope, now so significant of despair, or withering with an expression of terrible scorn, all glide from the pen, and mock our poor endeavours, though we would fain strive to give some faint notion of this most wonderful performer. We have no intention, we feel it would be out of place, to criticise Rachel, as we have been wont to criticise other artistes. Even the applause bestowed

upon her seems uncongenial, and when her performance is concluded we feel as though it were too great for clapping of hands, waving of kerchiefs, cheers, bravos, or bouquets. The second performance of Rachel took place on Tuesday, when she appeared in Racine's tragedy of *Phedre*. This was, a character of a totally different stamp from that of *Camille* but all parts seem to conform themselves to the genius of this incomparable artist. On Wednesday she played *Virginie*, a more domestic character than either of the above, and one which involves an infinity of pathetic acting. This performance was, perhaps, the most touching ever witnessed, and left scarce a dry eye in the house. Mademoiselle Rachel has achieved the greatest success ever known in Liverpool; and her success will no doubt, necessitate another engagement next season, which we trust may not be so brief as the one just past. The performances of Madlle. Rachel must have an enduring effect on her auditors, and it is impossible that any one can hear and see this extraordinarily gifted woman, and depart without being made wiser and better thereby.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.—There is at present no lack of amusements in Boulogne. The learned monkeys and dogs under the direction of Corvi, repay those who seek to kill "dull care" for a passing moment. The "Enchanted Palace" affects to display the secrets of the *respectable gentleman* who is supposed to govern the realms below, exhibiting the wonders of the "Enchanted Rose," and the "double view." Close at hand are the Water-works of Versailles; besides a great variety of minor sources of amusement too tedious to specialise. But let not this prevent the seeker after pleasure from visiting Franconi's Olympic Circus. The performances here of both man and horse are of an extraordinary kind. The interesting representations of Miarteni, at the Paris Hotel; the races; the cricket match; and the Opera, make up the sum of the attractions. Mr. J. Werner Glover's concert took place last Saturday at the Salle des Concerts. In addition to Mr. Glover, we had Signor Maretta and the "infant nightingale," Baptist Lillo. Mr. Glover performed on this occasion two fantasias of his own composition on the piano-forte. The first, "Introduction and variations on a theme from Gustave," was well calculated to display his powers as a pianist. The second was a fantasia on airs in *Giselle* (*Souvenir de Ballet*). M. Maretta, the male *soprano* of whom so much has been said, in the "Casta Diva," and in the "Ave Maria" by Cherubini, was received with well deserved applause.—Baptist Lillo surnamed the "infant nightingale," in Rossini's "Una Voce;" a ballad, "I trembled when I met thee" (the composition of Mr. Glover) and a performance on the pianoforte won, much attention. He is 9 years old. The manager of our theatre took care to avail himself of these attractions, and last night in addition to the opera we had a concert in the theatre. On Saturday M. Bastien Franconi gave the second representation of *Mahomet*, on a thorough bred Arabian Horse. This Horse has been broken in by M. Bastien in a very short space of time. On Wednesday evening, the Misses Pyne, were greeted by an applauding audience at the *Salle Delapaque, rue des Vieillards*, which was crowded almost to suffocation—Never did those talented sisters display their powers to greater effect—Want of space will not admit of our enlarging in detail on their performance of Wednesday night. On Monday the 18th inst. a concert was given by the Philharmonic society, in which M. and Made. Iweins-d'Hennin, and Madlle. Guilmant, of well known repute in the musical soirees of Paris, formed the chief attraction.

HAMBURG.—Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, arrived here on the 13th instant by the mail steam ship, the Countess of Lonsdale. He is on his way to Vienna. In company with Leopold de Meyer were M. and Made. Roche (late Miss Moscheles), and the Baron D'Uchtritz, chamberlain to the King of Saxony.

FIorentino AND ESCUDIER.

A DISPUTE has arisen between these critics. Fiorentino writes in *Le Constitutionnel*. Escudier edits *La France Musicale*. But Fiorentino has another receptacle for his lucubrations. This is *Le Corsaire*. What *Punch* is in London, *Le Corsaire* is in Paris. In *Le Corsaire* the failure of *I Masnadieri* is recorded. Wherewith Escudier foams at the mouth. Escudier has bought the opera.

Fiorentino has recorded the truth. *I Masnadieri* was a failure. It is bad even for Verdi. It would be detestable for any one else. But the truth being told, the sale is diminished. Escudier likes not the truth.

Escudier cites the London papers. He swears they are for Verdi. Fiorentino cites the London papers. He swears they are not for Verdi. Escudier is wrong. Fiorentino is right.

Fiorentino has our thanks. He has spoken manfully. He has stated the failure of *I Masnadieri*. He has paid this country a compliment. Escudier has called it a success. He has offered this country an insult.

Escudier writes as follows. "There are two kinds of newspapers. The bad and the good. The paid and the unpaid. The interested and disinterested." Escudier is right. *La France Musicale* represents the first. *Le Corsaire* the last.

I Masnadieri was a failure. A dead failure. A miserable failure. An unprecedented failure.

JENNY LIND AT BRIGHTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Brighton, Aug. 23.—DEAR —Thinking you might like to hear how the Swedish Nightingale got on at Brighton, I have drawn together a few hasty particulars. This morning the streets near the concert-room and the approaches to the railway station were crowded with gentry and *canaille*, who expected to get a view of Jenny Lind as she came from the terminus to her hotel. Some were disappointed—others were not. I was not disappointed, because I did not go to see, having no curiosity in that way. I hate staring at artistes as though they were wild beasts, or otherwise monstrous.

However, I went to the concert, at any rate—which cost me two guineas. To say I had my money's worth would be to say what I did not think at the time, and do not think now. I never paid as much to before hear any actor, singer, or performer in the world, and never will again, I promise you. Well, Jenny Lind appeared, and was received with an uproar of applause by an assemblage of between eight and nine hundred persons, inconveniently crammed into the small Town Hall. Her *personnel* disappointed me excessively. I found it ordinary, both as to face and figure—and immediately decided that Douglas Jerrold, when he compared her in his newspaper to "one of Shakespere's women," was in one of those twaddling moods to which great men are sometimes subject. Well, Jenny Lind began by singing Mozart's "Voi che sapete," the loveliest of all lovely melodies. That she sang it entirely up to my ideal of its beauty I cannot say, but that she sang it well I am willing to allow. But it was not for this I had paid two guineas—at least I hoped so. Meyerbeer's pretty

romance, "Quand je quittai la Normandie," was the next thing sung by Jenny Lind, who gave the Italian version. This, I must own, pleased me very much. There was a freshness about the simplicity with which she gave the melody, and a neatness in her execution of the cadences (very pretty, by the way, in themselves), that I could not fail to admire. This was encored and repeated, much to my satisfaction.

With Jenny Lind's third essay, I was equally pleased. This was a *scena*, "Ah, forse in tal momento," in three movements, consisting of a *largo*, a *cavatina*, and a *cabaletta*, written by Mr. Balfe expressly for her. The composition itself is exceedingly graceful and musician-like, and is wonderfully well suited to her voice, which seemed to possess more than twice its ordinary power while she was singing it. The *largo* was exquisitely vocalised, and the whole *scena* was received with rapturous applause.

The last performance of the Swedish songstress was the rondo, "Ah non giunge," from *La Sonnambula*, which, after the enormous praises I have read of it in the London papers, greatly disappointed me. There was a want of that spontaneity to which Malibran had accustomed me in this *cavatina*, nor was this deficiency atoned for by any astonishing neatness of execution. It was encored, however, and the second time pleased me better than the first.

On the whole you will guess that Jenny Lind has not come up to my expectations. Nevertheless I must hear her on the stage before I can fairly estimate her talent, which after the fine things that have been said of it, must surely be something more than common. With this conviction I shall suspend my final judgment for the present.

The other vocal pieces must be shortly dismissed. Staudigl was loudly encored in the "Non più andrai," which he sang with great energy and spirit. He also gave Schubert's "Wanderer," and a clever and spirited aria from Balfe's *Quatre fils d'Aymon*, which pleased universally. Signor Galli also joined in a duet with Staudigl, which turned out a curious mess, from the circumstance that the two singers held copies in their hands which differed from each other materially, the *cabaletta* in the one being quite another thing from the *cabaletta* in the other. Balfe, who was at the piano, and accompanied all the *morceaux* in first-rate style, could not understand what was the matter, and finding all his efforts vain to bring things right, left his seat and quitted the room. At length the two singers found out the cause of their confusion, and taking one of the copies for text, achieved their duet to the end, without a conductor comfortably enough.

Besides these, the concert was protracted by a couple of instrumental performances—to wit, a pianoforte solo by Madame Dietz, and a concertina solo by Mr. Case, which were well received.

After the concert, the streets again became thronged, and the railway terminus besieged, but Jenny Lind managed to steal through the crowd without being greatly incommoded, and started off for London with £300, in Bank of England notes, to add to her store.

F.

JENNY LIND AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Manchester, Thursday night.—The arrival of the "Swedish Nightingale" in Birmingham caused almost as much commotion as if it had been the Queen of the realm of Britain. On the night of the concert the streets were thronged with persons anxious to get a glimpse of the celebrated songstress.

But, alas! she went to the Town-Hall, where the concert took place, in a close carriage, with Balfe and Gardoni, and nobody caught a sight of her until she appeared in the orchestra. The hall was crammed in every part. About £1000 was taken, so that a considerable amount was pocketed by the speculators, whom report pronounces to be (I know not with how much truth,) Mr. Knowles, of Manchester, and Mr. Maddox, of London, lessee of the Princess's Theatre. To make matters short, as I write in great haste, I have enclosed you the programme of the concert.

PART I.—Cavatina, Madame Solari, "Perchè non ho del vento," Donizetti; Duetto, Signori Gardoni and F. Lablache, "Al perigli," Donizetti; Paghiera, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, "Casta Diva," Bellini; Solo, Flute, Mr. Royal; Duetto, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind and Signor Gardoni, "Qual mare," Verdi; Aria, Signor F. Lablache, "Miei rampolli," Rossini; Aria, "Signor Gardoni" "Qual fior Novello," Balfe, (composed expressly for this occasion); Aria, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, "Auf starkem fittige," Haydn.

PART II.—Romanza, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, "Quando lasciai," Meyerbeer; Solo, Violin, Mr. Seymour, Mayseder; Terzetto, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, Madame Solari, and Signor F. Lablache, "Sorgeva il dì," Donizetti; Romanza, Signor Gardoni, "Spirito gentil," Donizetti; Aria, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, "Ah! non giunge," Bellini; Terzetto, Made. Solari, Signor Gardoni, and F. Lablache, "Guai se ti sfugge," Donizetti; Swedish Songs, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.

Although Madame Solari's cavatina (from *Lucia*) was applauded, and the duet of Gardoni and F. Lablache (from *L'Elisir*) created a highly favorable sensation, the audience were so absorbed in the expectation of Jenny Lind's appearance, that the majority paid little attention to either of these *morceaux*. At last the "Nightingale" came, and the enthusiasm with which she was received beggars description. Her "Casta Diva," from *Norma*, was listened to with breathless attention, and applauded vehemently; but, to say truth, I think the conclusion of this celebrated air left a certain feeling of disappointment among the vast assembly. I am no great judge of these matters, but I must own I did not feel so thoroughly entranced by the spell of the enchantress as I anticipated before-hand that I should be. However it is not for an amateur such as I am to decide so important a question. Mr. Royal's flute solo appeared to me a so-so business; but I am not an enthusiast for this instrument when employed as a medium for *solis*, and therefore may have been mistaken. The duet, "Qual mare," from Verdi's *I Masnadieri*, was charmingly sung by Jenny Lind and Gardoni, but, in my humble opinion, it is a very insipid composition. F. Lablache's air, (from *Cenerentola*), was much admired, and I fancy was deserving the attention it received. The next piece appeared to me one of the most beautiful in the whole concert—I mean the "Qual fior novello," composed expressly for Gardoni by Balfe. It was full of charming melody, and was sung with infinite feeling by the handsome young tenor, whose voice is not more exquisite than his style is graceful. This piece created quite a *furor*. The two next performances of Jenny Lind were both encored. In the air from Haydn's *Creation*, which she gave in the original key, the charming songstress displayed a world of devotional feeling. Meyerbeer's romance from *Robert le Diable*, somewhat disappointed me; but still there was infinite freshness in the expression, and the utmost delicacy of execution in several passages—of which the echo-bit and the cadence at the end of the first verse were fine specimens. The long-holding note that prefaced the second verse, I did not much like. Mr. Seymour's violin solo was a very excellent performance, worthy of his reputation as one of the most able performers in the provinces. The *terzetto* for Jenny Lind,

Mad. Solari, and F. Lablache (from *La Figlia del Reggimento*) is very sparkling and pretty, but it did not produce so much effect as might have been expected. Gardoni's "Spirito gentil" (from *La Favorite*) was one of the great hits of the evening. I have seldom heard vocalisation more pure, or sentiment more unaffected. It was encored unanimously. I unfortunately missed hearing Jenny Lind's "Ah non giunge" (from *La Sonnambula*), which the more vexed me since I had heard so much of it. The trio for Madame Solari, Signori Gardoni and F. Lablache, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, I also lost. But I was more lucky with the Swedish songs, of which I heard every note. They were both encored with acclamations and produced the greatest *furor* of the whole evening. Jenny Lind was gracious enough to repeat one of them, which was again received with loud cheers and bravos. The Swedish nightingale accompanied herself in these national melodies, but all the other pieces were accompanied by Balfe in a style at once refined and musician-like. But I fear I am transgressing my limits, and I am, moreover, very fatigued, since I write with the tones of the "Nightingale" still wringing in my ears, and, it is now very late, and time for all honest people to be in bed. By the way, not a soul left the room until the last note was sung. It was very judicious of Balfe to keep the Swedish melodies to the last. Jenny Lind goes hence to Manchester, from which tour I presume your regular correspondent will forward you advices, otherwise I would not much mind the trip myself to serve you. Good bye.—S.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—When accompanying the Archæological Association in their recent visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, I very carefully examined the ancient structure said to be the Birth-place of Shakspeare, and fully participated in the feeling, generally entertained, that an edifice associated with so many recollections dear to Englishmen, ought not to be lost to the nation, or suffered to fall into utter ruin and oblivion. But difficulties appeared to me to present themselves in carrying out the views of the advocates for its preservation, with the recital of which I was unwilling to damp the enthusiastic ardour of the company assembled on that day in the Town-hall of Stratford. I have therefore reserved my opinions for what perhaps may be a more fit place (should they be thought worthy,) the columns of your widely circulating newspaper. The house or cottage in which Shakspeare is said to have been born is an exceedingly frail structure, principally of plaster, held together by wooden framing; indeed, it is only one-half of an erection, which must have been considered rather of a plebeian character in its primitive days. To separate this decayed fabric from its companion, and to remove it without destruction, appears to be impossible; therefore, any idea of transporting it in its integrity to America must be absurd. Without questioning the identity of the spot as the birth-place of Shakspeare, it is proper to consider how much of the original residence remains in our day. The furniture contained in the house at present has no pretensions to have belonged to the Shakspeare family: the casement and glass of the windows are not of the poet's time, but have been placed there at a much more recent date; the roof, which in my recollection, was of straw thatch, now consists of modern tiles, and the plastering of the walls has no doubt been restored many times within the three hundred years that the house is supposed to have stood. The only parts, therefore, which can be considered original are the old oak floors, and the framing timbers, some of the latter of which are continued uninterruptedly through this and the adjoining cottage. From these considerations, I am induced to doubt the practicability, or even propriety, of preserving the old house in its present state as a relic; and with the most sincere feelings of respect, I may say veneration, for the memory of so great a genius—so bright a star in the annals of our nation—I would, with great deference to those gentlemen who have taken up this cause, suggest that a more fitting memorial of our inimitable bard would be the erection of some quaint allegorical structure upon the identical spot on which he was born, formed, if practicable, partly from the materials constituting the present old, dilapidated house. The promptitude and liberality with which the idea of preserving this venerable structure has been met by the public,

induces me to think that a fund of very considerable amount might be raised from small contributions, which would furnish the means of constructing a noble structure worthy of the bard and of the nation. With such funds in anticipation, I would presume still further, and propose that upon the site of the birth-place of the "Immortal bard of Avon" an elegant erection should be constructed, in the decorative style of old English, or Elizabethan architecture. The form best suited to this purpose would be that of a polygonal temple or pantheon, in the centre of which a statue of the poet might be placed, and around him, near the walls, a series of figures, the size of life, representing all the principal characters of Shakspeare's plays, with cartoons behind, exhibiting the scenes to which the characters refer. These figures should be of wood or composition painted, and might with great propriety be portraits of the most eminent players who have filled those characters in bygone days. Such an erection is, I think, completely within the means that may be readily available, and such a novel kind of structure, when completed and opened for gratuitous exhibition, would not only form a suitable memorial of our admired bard, but also reflect credit upon the English nation.

W. N.

DEAR EDITOR,—I trust you will pardon me, on the score of "Auld Lang Syne," for calling your attention to a few well-meant hits which have been, last week, made at you by a new jester called *Pasquin*. Without overlooking the fact that the rogue is really one of the most amusing of jesters, there is much of truth in the gibes he indulges in at your expense. Ably as your journal is in general conducted, every now and then there does appear in it an article which would so evidently be taken, as circumstantial testimony, of its writer's being fit for a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, that *Pasquin* is quite justified in calling its writer a "musical maniac." Of course this is very impertinent on my part, but seriously there is so much that is invaluable, in a musical point of view, in your journal, that it would be a serious benefit to have its occasional taste for exaggerations of language plentifully pruned. There are perfections under the sun greater than a *prima donna*, and more beautiful than a *choreograph*—at least the cooler-headed part of humanity think so. Apart from his onslaught on yourself, *Pasquin* is worth reading, which I can most disinterestedly swear—not being one of its contributors, nor liable to the suspicion of being so—never having set up for a wit, or dabbled in the muddy tanks of modern humour. He is discreet and just. He falls foul of yourself, *Punch*, *Reach*, *Smith*, and *Jerrold*, and treats the genuine humour of à Beckett with a decent show of respect. His only piece of bad taste is shown in his joining in the cry after "Silk" Buckingham, as if, after that very old joke had been hunted down, it was still worth worrying. Hoping you will, for your own sake, read *Pasquin*, believe me, my old friend,

Yours, most truly and devotedly,

F. FLOWERS.

MOZART AND HIS STARLING.

Aberdeen, N. B., August 21, 1847.

SIR,—In the very interesting "Life of Mozart," by Edward Holmes, mention is made of the purchase by the great musician of a starling, whose peculiar song so delighted Mozart, that he transcribed the notes into his journal, with the remark, "How pretty!" The anecdote derives additional interest, from a circumstance which the author does not mention, viz: the adoption by Mozart of the very notes of the bird's song in the first four bars of the last movement of his pianoforte concerto in G, with the single alteration of G flat, instead of G sharp. The concerto was written, according to Mozart's own list given by Mr. Holmes, in April, 1784—the purchase of the starling occurred in the following month. The record of this trifling circumstance in the life of so admirable a genius may perhaps not be unacceptable to your pages.

I am, &c.

R. H. BAKER.

TITTLE-TATTLE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—The rivalry of the two Operas, I regret to say, has provoked in certain quarters a mean spirit of slander against the distinguished artistes of the Royal Italian Opera. Had the shafts of the moral assassins been directed solely to the male sex, I should have left unnoticed their attacks; but since it has been publicly printed that Madame Persiani has compromised her reputation with a member of the company, and on being assured by her most esteemed friends that the effect of this wanton calumny has greatly wounded her feelings and injured her health, I do trust that by inserting a denial of this libel on the character of this amiable lady in your journal, it may be the means of discovering and punishing the inventor of so foul a calumny. The perpetrators have been equally industrious in their attempt to damage the popularity of that most constant and faithful servant—Madame Grisi. It is reported

and printed that this lady, at the court concert, was rude and insolent to Mdlle. Jenny Lind. This is a wilful falsehood, and on the authority of five persons who witnessed the formal introduction of *THE DIVA*, by Lablache, to the Swedish Vocalist, the courtesy of both ladies was remarked as becoming the occasion, and not one syllable passed between them! It is absurd to imagine that a Grisi, who has survived for rivals a Sontag, Pasta, Malibran, and Persiani, should forget herself in the presence of even a Jenny Lind! The third calumny is almost too ridiculous to be noticed, although it is currently believed by many silly persons. It is said that Costa spoiled Jenny Lind's singing at the Court concert by his bad accompaniment. In contradiction to this improbable story, it is quite satisfactory to quote the opinion of the best informed dilettante of the Court circle, the last person Costa would venture to displease, and the very first to detect a fault in execution, viz: the Prince Albert. His Royal Highness, when appealed to, a few days ago, if he had heard of this story, replied that he had, and expressed his regret that such a falsehood had been spread about.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours obediently.

JUSTITIA.

REVIEWS.

"The Green Moss." Song, written by LEIGH CLIFFE, Esq., the Music composed by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY—JOHN REID.

Though Mr. Leigh Cliffe has evidently penned his poetry after the manner of Charles Dickens in "The Ivy Green;" and although Mr. Wellington Guernsey could not entirely escape from the susceptibilities of Henry Russell's tune, yet we pronounce both words and music free from plagiarism, and sufficiently original. Mr. Guernsey's melody is homely and pleasing, and neatly arranged, and Mr. Leigh Cliffe's words are not without poetic intention and feeling. In one instance Mr. Leigh Cliffe is verbally experimental. He makes "mother," a verb; certainly the only example we have met with of the word being so used. We have heard of *fathering* a child upon the parish, but until now we never heard of one thing mothering another. This is the only fault we have to find with the "Green Moss." It will be found a very pretty, pleasing little song.

"The Language of Song," the celebrated canzone, sung in "La Figlia del Reggimento," by MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND. The English words by J. E. CARPENTER. The Music adapted by CHARLES H. PURDAY.—Z. T. PURDAY.

Mr. J. E. Carpenter has supplied somewhat pretty words to one of the best melodies of Donizetti's charming opera, and Mr. Purday, in its adaptation, has rendered the *canzone* more vocally easy, getting rid of some of the difficulties without materially infringing on the text. "The Language of Song," in its present form, is a very pleasing ballad.

The Stage as it is; published by F. NEWTON, 329, Strand.

This is a smartly written brochure, containing many unpalatable truths, although scarcely all—which might be cited respecting the present condition of the English stage. In seeking for the root of its decadence within, rather than without its walls, its writer is undoubtedly right, although the twenty-four pages to which he confines himself scarcely give him the space to touch on all the causes which have contributed to bring about its present condition. He is as every rational friend of the drama must be, an enemy of the "Star" system; but we fear his Utopian cast for *Julius Caesar* is an impossible dream, were we even content with such an *Antony* as Mr. Vandenhoff, whom we own to believing all but incapable of inducing the serpent-skin of the debauched and wily *Triumvir*. Nor is his subsequent estimate of the male tragic and dramatic artists of the day altogether one in which ourselves, or the majority of the public would coincide. These, however, are probably matters of personal taste on the part of the author of the *Stage as it is*.

He is well acquainted with the modern history of the stage, and from internal evidence, we should be inclined to consider him as one who has written for, and been acted on it, so strong is the individual interest which he appears to feel in his subject. He writes with facility and eloquence, thinks collectively with greater soundness than his particular criticism displays, and has a temperate and gentlemanly pen—the last in our estimate, one of the rarest, as well as highest merits the modern essayist can possess.

Originally the four letters, which compose the pamphlet, ap-

peared in the *London and Liverpool Advertiser*, a paper which, with greater honesty than most of our contemporaries, has owned its obligations to us when it has borrowed from our critical columns. Apparently they have been written for the purpose of suggesting the institution of a POET'S THEATRE, governed by a council, and to be managed by Mr. Macready. We fear that the suggestion is more beautiful than practical, inasmuch as we doubt the possibility of cordial co-operation, as thoroughly between the members of the *genus irritabile*, as we do amongst the members of the profession who become the interpreters of their dramatic works to the world at large. Such an attempt would end in the dazzle, the quarrel, and the break up of a month or two—at the most of existence.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

IN Vol. 8 of the *Musical World** was inserted an account of the rise and progress of the Queen's Concerts of Ancient Music; since which several changes and alterations have been made; and we insert, for the information of our provincial readers, a sketch of that establishment, recently published in Field's annual report of the performances during the past season, written by John Parry, Honorary Treasurer to the Royal Society of Musicians.

"An erroneous impression has prevailed for many years, that the old Royal Academy of Music and the Ancient Concerts were once united. The Royal Academy of Music was founded in 1720, under the immediate patronage of King George the First, who, with several noblemen, subscribed £50,000 for the promotion of Italian operas, at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket. The Directors, the Dukes of Newcastle, Portland, and Queensbury; the Earls of Burlington, Stair, and Waldegrave; Lords Bingley, Chetwynd, &c. Handel was appointed composer and conductor; and he went to the continent to engage performers. Bononcini was also engaged to compose operas, which caused a schism in the musical cabinet, where any thing but harmony reigned, which called forth from Dean Swift, the following oft-quoted lines—

"Some say that Signor Bononcini
Compar'd with Handel's a mere ninny;
While others say, that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange, that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

"After expending the £50,000, and much more, the Royal Academy of Music became defunct in June, 1728. Soon after that period, Handel relinquished operas in a great measure, and turned his thoughts chiefly towards composing his immortal oratorios: and for many years, after he had become blind, he used to perform concertos and voluntaries on the organ, in a most masterly manner, even within seven days of his death, which took place on Good Friday, April 13, 1759, aged 75.

"Peace to his manes."

"A society of professors and amateurs was established in 1710, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, for the preservation of the works of the old masters of every country; and concerts were given for many years, but comparatively on a limited scale.

"There was also an 'Academy of Ancient Music,' of which Dr. Pepusch was one of the founders. The celebrated *Steffani* was elected president of this institution.

"In 1776, seventeen years after Handel's death, a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, consisting of the Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of Exeter, Viscount Dudley and Ward, the Bishop of Durham, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., Sir R. Jebb, Bart., the Right Hon. H. Morrice, and the Hon. ——— Pelham, established the Concerts of Ancient Music; they were soon joined by Viscount Fitzwilliam and Lord Paget (afterwards Earl of Uxbridge). It would be ungrateful not to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of those with whom these performances originated, as well as to those royal and noble directors who, by their influence and patronage, brought them to the elevated rank which they now hold; for

they may be justly termed 'classical and unique.' The best works of the greatest writers of all ages and countries are performed at them; and we owe to them the preservation of compositions of the most exalted character.

"Joah Bates, Esq. a distinguished amateur, was appointed conductor, and the concerts took place in the new rooms Tottenham-street, now the Queen's or West London Theatre. The principal singers were Miss Harrop (afterwards Mrs. Bates), the two Misses Abrams, Master Harrison (afterwards the eminent tenor), the Rev. Mr. Clarke (a minor canon of St. Paul's) Mr. Dyne, and Mr. Champness.

"Conductors.—Mr. Bates filled the post of conductor until his death, in 1799, when Mr. Greatorex was appointed, and continued in office until his death, in 1831; when Mr. Knyvett (who had been the principal alto singer for many years) succeeded him, and continued until 1839. In 1840, it was agreed among the directors that each should choose his own conductor; so we had Sir George Smart, Mr. Bishop (now Sir Henry), Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Turle, during that season. But it was found that one conductor, with whom the performers were acquainted, was far preferable; and Sir Henry Bishop was appointed in 1843.

"Leaders.—Mr. Hay was leader until 1780, when he was succeeded by William Cramer, who filled the important post until his death, in 1805, when his son, François, was appointed to lead, and continued in office until 1844, when he retired, and was succeeded by Mr. J. D. Loder, who died in 1846, when Mr. T. Cooke, the present *violino primo*, was appointed.

"Organist.—Until 1841, the conductor used to preside at the organ, consequently he could not attend to the band and play that instrument at the same time. The directors, very judiciously, appointed Mr. Charles Lucas organist to the establishment.

In 1785, his late Majesty, King George the Third, of reverend memory, became not merely a nominal patron, but a regular attendant at the performances, accompanied by Queen Charlotte, and such of the princesses as were old enough to appear in public. As a proof of the great interest which his Majesty took in the performances, he used to write out the programmes himself; and when Mr. F. Cramer was appointed by his Majesty to succeed his father as leader, the King sent a message to him to this effect:—'Tell young Cramer to keep his eye on me, and watch my hand, with which I will give him the true time of the various compositions.' In this year (1785) Madame Mara made her appearance, and shortly afterwards, Signora Storace and Mrs. Billington. In 1792, Miss Parke and Miss Poole (afterwards Mrs. Dickons) made their appearance. In 1795, the concerts were given in the great room attached to the King's Theatre, where they received the powerful aid of Harrison and Bartleman; the first died in 1812, and the latter in 1820.

"Hanover Rooms.—In 1804, the concerts were given in the new rooms, Hanover Square, at which Miss Tennant (afterwards Mrs. Vaughan), Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Ashe, Messrs. Bellamy, T. Welsh, Elliott, Sale, J. B. Sale, &c. &c. sung. In 1811, the great Catalani made her appearance, and sung for three seasons. In 1812, Mr. Vaughan was appointed to succeed Mr. Harrison as principal tenor singer; he died in 1843. In 1813, Miss Stephens, now the Countess Dowager of Essex, made her *début* at these concerts with the greatest success; she sang Handel's 'Hush! ye pretty warbling choir.' In 1816, Mrs. Salmon, a charming singer, made her appearance; and, shortly afterwards, Mr. Braham gave his powerful aid; then Mrs. William Knyvett, Mr. Henry Phillips, &c. In those days, the same singers were engaged for the season; and it was considered the highest honour, both by foreign and native vocalists, to sing at the Ancient Concerts. A few years ago it was agreed that each director should make choice of the singers for his concert; consequently, all the foreign artists of eminence who visited London have been engaged, as well as every native singer of superior talent. The following is a list of most of those who have sung at these concerts within these twenty years, arranged alphabetically.

"Ladies.—Caradori Allan, Albertazzi, Alboni, Blasis, Bishop, Birch, E. Birch, Brambilla, Bassano, Barrett, Castellan, Chatfield, Camporese, Cinti Damoreau, Dolby, Schröder Devrient, Edwards, S. Flower, Fiddes, Grisi, Viardot Garcia, Dorus Gras, M. B. Hawes, Adelaide Kemble, Knispel, W. Knyvett, F. Lablache,

* No. 105, published March 15, 1838.

Loewe, Lang, Lutzer, Malibran, Masson, Messent, Marshall, Moltini, Clara Novello, (now Countess Gigliucci), Sabilla Novello, Nau, Nissen, Pasta, Persiani, Romer, Rainforth, Rupplin, A. Shaw, E. Seguin, W. Seguin, Shirreff, Stockhausen, Steele, Schloss, Sunderland, A. Toulmin, Towers, Thillon, Woodyatt, Wyatt, A. Williams, M. Williams, Wood, (formerly Miss Paton), Wilkinson.

"Gentlemen.—Allen, Braham, Bennett, Brizzi, Balfé, Bradbury, Barnby, Boisragon, Catoni, Chapman, Corelli, Calkin, Donzelli, Francis, Gardoni, Hobbs, Hawkins, Horncastle, Harrison, Hoelzel, Ivanhoff, W. Knyvett, Lablache, F. Lablache, Lockey, Mario, Machin, Manvers, Millar, Oberhoffer, Parry, jun., Pearsall, Pischek, Pergetti, Rubini, Ronconi, Roger, Reeves, Salvi, E. Seguin, W. H. Seguin, Stretton, Staudigl, Tamburini, Terrail, Young, Zuchelli."

"The orchestra for each concert consists of about eight principal singers, ten semi-chorus (including six young ladies belonging to the Royal Academy of Music), forty choristers, and a first-rate band of fifty instrumentalists, exclusively of the organ, forming altogether an orchestra of about one hundred and ten efficient performers*. In the year 1834, the Directors came to a resolution of permitting subscribers to introduce their friends to single concerts by tickets, price one guinea each: or to the rehearsal, at half-a-guinea. Until this very judicious arrangement was made, it used to be exceedingly difficult to procure an admission to the Ancient Concerts, which have been patronized by the highest personages in the kingdom for the long period of seventy-two years. Subscribers pay six guineas for the eight concerts, with the privilege of attending the rehearsals, or five guineas without that privilege.

"Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, has frequently honored the performances with her presence; and, since His Royal Highness the Prince Albert became a director, in 1840, Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen has frequently honored both the rehearsals and the performances with her presence. The present Directors consist of His Majesty the King of Hanover, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, His Grace the Archbishop of York (since 1810), His Grace the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Westmorland, the Earl Howe, and the Earl of Cawdor. Secretary and Librarian, W. A. Greatorex, Esq. (Solicitor); Treasurer (vacant at present). Sub-treasurer, Mr. Lonsdale; assistant Librarian and Copyist, Mr. Hedgley, who has belonged to the establishment, boy and man, for fifty-three years; Conductor, Sir Henry R. Bishop, Mus. Bac. Oxon.; Principal Violin, Mr. T. Cooke; Organ, Mr. Charles Lucas.

In 1784, a musical festival was held in Westminster Abbey, entitled the *Commemoration of Handel* (that year being the centenary of his birth), under the special patronage of King George the Third, and the superintendence of the then Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music, who consisted of the Earls of Exeter, Sandwich, and Uxbridge; Lord Dudley and Ward, Lord Fitzwilliam, Sir Watkin Williams Wynd, Bart., Sir Richard Jebb, Bart. and the Right Hon. H. Morrice. Conductor, Joah Bates, Esq. In consequence of the essential services rendered on that occasion, by the members of the *Royal Society of Musicians* (which was established in 1738, for the support of aged and indigent musicians, their widows, & orphans), his Majesty was graciously pleased to command that Handel's sacred oratorio, *The Messiah*, should be annually performed by the artistes engaged at the Ancient Concerts for the benefit of that institution, free of expense; and that command has been strictly obeyed for the last sixty years, by the several royal and noble directors of these concerts.

In 1834, a grand musical festival was held in Westminster Abbey, under the immediate patronage of his late Majesty King William the Fourth, and his illustrious consort, Queen Adelaide, and the first nobility in the land; it being just fifty years since the commemoration of Handel. The directors were the Earl Howe (chairman), the Earls of Denbigh, Cawdor, and Belfast; Lord Burghersh (now the Earl of Westmorland); Lord Saltoun; Sir Benjamin Stephenson and Sir Andrew Barnard. Conductor, Sir George Smart; Honorary Secretary to the Directors, the writer of this sketch. The surplus, amounting to £9000, was divided in equal portions between the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical Fund (now defunct), the Choral Fund, and the Royal Academy of Music. The receipts of the four performances and

* Extra performers are occasionally engaged.

and rehearsals amounted to £22,000, and the expenses to £13,000. The orchestra consisted of 632 vocal and instrumental performers, from whose united efforts, the effect produced will be never forgotten by those who witnessed it.

"The concerts of Ancient Music were especially established for the preservation of the magnificent productions of those who have been gathered to their fathers for ages. Modern Italian, French, and German music may be heard at the opera houses by the most eminent artists; instrumental music of the highest character is performed at the Philharmonic Concerts; but the higher order of sacred music, and the sterling productions of the best vocal composers that ever existed, can only be heard at the Ancient Concerts;* besides, the establishment gives a tone to the musical entertainments of our country; and it is also the means of affording talent an opportunity of being developed, as well as giving employment to a great many members of the musical profession. The directors, who devote much time and attention to the performances, are entitled to the gratitude of the *real lovers of the science of sweet sounds.*"

* What becomes of Exeter Hall, the Festivals, and Mr. Hullah?—ED. M. W.

POETRY.

ANE MODERN VERSION OF "JENNY'S BAWBEE."

We'll a' gang to Jenny's house, to Jenny's house, to Jenny's house;
We'll a' gang to Jenny's house, an' pay our Guinea Fee.
What though we ha'e the starving poor?—
What though we ha'e dear bread an' flour?—
Four hundred poun's a night are sure

For Jenny's minstrelsie.

A' the gear that Jenny has, that Jenny has, that Jenny has,
Is no like what her Grannies was, a mouldy brown bawbee;
But its your poun', an' my poun', an' my poun', an' your poun',
And Jenny, she has done us brown

Wi' her dear minstrelsie.

Wallace Grove, Glasgow.

ANDREW PARK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OPERATIC FLIGHTS.—Signor Rovere left London yesterday for Barcelona. Signor Marini and Mdle. Steffanoni, have departed for the Grand Theatre, Florence, to fulfill their autumnal engagements. Mdle. Plunkett left on Wednesday morning to attend her duties at the Royal Academy, Paris. Mdle. Sophie Fuoco has also repaired to the French Academy. Signori Tagliafico and Bettini have arrived at Paris. Mdle. Cerito, with M. St. Leon and Miss O'Brien, has been successful in her tour in the provinces. Early in the month ensuing she proceeds to Paris to await her new engagement at the Academy.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL is fixed for the 21st of September, and the three following days. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and the *Walpurgis Night* will be performed. Among the principal vocalists engaged, are, Alboni, Staudigl, Miss Dolby, and the Misses Williams. We are much pleased to learn that it is the intention of the committee to have Sterndale Bennett's overture to the *Naiades* performed at one of the evening concert's. Mr. Bennett's instrumental works are among the best our country has produced, and, in our opinion, these works have been too long neglected. We hope the example of the Gloucester committee will be followed.

MUSICAL TOURS IN THE PROVINCES.—Two parties will visit the different towns this year. One comprising Grisi, Signor Mario, Signor Tamburini, with Mr. J. L. Hatton, in the double capacity of vocalist and accompanist, will be in Cheltenham on the 28th, Bath on the 30th, Bristol on the 31st, Exeter September 1, and Brighton September 3. The second party, consisting of Madlle. Alboni, Madlle. Corbari, and Signor Rovere, with Mr. Lindsay Sloper as solo pianist, will sing at Ipswich on the 27th, and Bury St. Edmund's on the 28th. The other places at which the two expeditions will attend are not yet arranged, but the tour will be concluded by the combined parties singing at concerts in Liverpool and Manchester.—*Morning Chronicle.*

MR. HENRY RUSSELL continues giving his favorite Entertainments in the Provinces with considerable success. He has, since our last notice, visited Portsmouth, Chichester, Arundel, Worthing, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Next week, he appears at Norwich, Yarmouth, Ipswich, &c. &c.

Mr. LUMLEY has just concluded an engagement with Madlle. Jenny Lind for next season, and has presented the fair artiste with a handsome piece of plate for the services she rendered the theatre during the season.

A GRAND CONCERT for the benefit of Signor Asti, under the patronage of M. Le Marquis de Molac, was held at the residence of Mr. Card, the flautist, 26, St. James's-street, Pall Mall. Several of the notorieties of Her Majesty's Theatre assisted; among whom were Madame Castellan, and the Signori Lablache, *pere et fils*, Staudigl, Fraschini, Bouché, Gardoni, and Guidi. Among the vocalists were also Madame Mortier de la Fontaine, Signor Bottura, and Signor Asti. The instrumentalists, included Mr. Card on the flute; Mr. Chatterton on the Harp, Signor Piatti on the violoncello, Mons. St. Léon on the violin, and Mr. W. Holmes on the piano. The concert went off with great spirit. Most of the vocal *morceaux* were encored. Mr. Card played a solo on the flute with much brilliancy, and received considerable applause. Sig. Piatti, as usual, obtained enthusiastic demonstrations, by his splendid performance on the violoncello; and Mr. W. Holmes, in a *fantasia* of his own composition, exhibited his fine executive powers and musician-like taste to perfection. The concert gave universal satisfaction.

MADAME PERSIANI.—We regret to learn that this celebrated vocalist is still in a very precarious state of health. It is not true that Madame Castellan has been engaged in her place by M. Vatel, of the Italian Opera in Paris, for the approaching season. Madame Persiani's contract with the director is up to 1849, but as his season begins in October, it was necessary for him to have another *artiste* in readiness, should Madame Persiani's illness continue to incapacitate her from fulfilling her engagement in Paris, as it unfortunately did this season at the Royal Italian Opera. Madame Persiani's indisposition arises from neuralgia, and both in London and in Paris there is every sympathy for such an *artiste*, distinguished alike by her incomparable musical talents as by her unimpeachable conduct in private life.—*Morning Chronicle*.

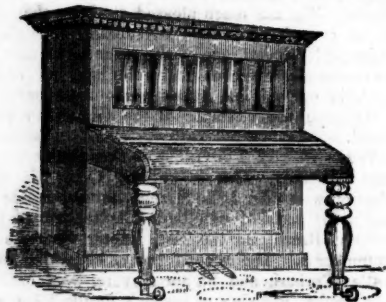
We understand that Mrs. Alexander Newton, Sig. F. Lablache, Mr. John Reeve, and Miss E. Ward, are among the artistes engaged with Mdle. Jenny Lind, for Mr. Edmund Glover's Concerts at Glasgow and Edinburgh.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIGHTON.—Our correspondent, who has kindly favored us with a notice of the Concert at Brighton, is entitled to our best thanks. His article would have been inserted, had not that from our own correspondent been already in print. We shall have much pleasure in hearing from our correspondent on a future occasion.

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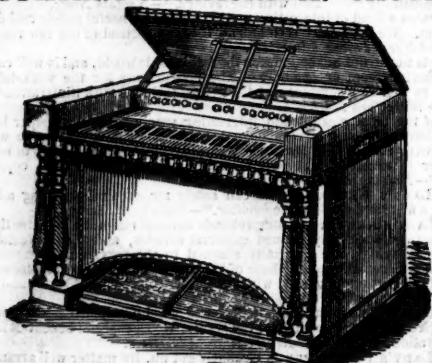
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